The Weekly Expositor.

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YALE, : : MICH

IT is religiously believed by many good road enthusiasts that the improvements they are fighting for almost match the school-house in their elevating and civilizing influence.

WHILE we do not advocate "cruel or unusual punishment," it is time that we stopped thinking and speaking of the criminal as an "unfortunate." A few may have been "more sinned against than sinning," but the greater part of them have deliberately placed themselves in the position they now occupy, and have but little claim upon our sympathies.

THE future of the Indian is a problem of some difficulty. It is not to be expected that any people can leap in a generation or two from barbarism to civilization, yet their future depends largely on their power to adapt themselves to the demands of civilized life. Probably a people who have shown the vitality of the Iroquois, the capacity to survive where the weaker tribes of East and West have faded away, will be able to take care of themselves in future. The descendants of Cooper's Indians will doubtless be a part of the population for many decades.

THE cargo of rags is something that might well be excluded from our shores as if it were carried by a plague ship. This is one foreign product which we can do comfortably without. It is one which carries within it a danger too great and too horrible to be worth risk. When the authorities at our ports of entry bes ir themselves to find means of properly disinfecting these dangerous consignments, it is a good time to direct public attention to this possibility of contagion. It would not seriously injure anybody, and it would be a great public safeguard at all times if the importation of rags were prohibited.

EVERY boy, and, for that matter, every girl, should learn how to swim. The boy who is not willing to learn, if the chance be given him, has something wrong about him. Yet, while all the urchins who have access to the water acquire the ability sooner or later, some attain far greater proficiency than others. This is due partly to natural differences and partly to the fact that some pay greater attention to swimming as an art than they do to fun pure and simple. In addition to the mere ability to propel himself on the surface of the water the boy should learn how to swim under water with his eyes open, on his back, on his side, and with one hand, while holding something in the other. He should also become familiar with the various phases of drowning accidents, and should know how to attempt a rescue with the greatest chance for success and the greatest degree of safety to himself.

IT is one of the anomalies of human nature that the noted brigands of the world who have lived and died by violence should have a large following of devoted admirers among the youth of all countries. It is also remarkable that their deeds should inspire admiration rather than horror. The fact is accounted for on the ground that their daring bravery of character and their lawless hardihood stir the romantic soul to emulate them within the laws. The famous ride of Dick Turpin to York has a noble counterpart in Sheridan's ride to victory in honorable battle. Rob Roy, freebooter that he was, has lived in song and story. Robin Hood is depicted nightly in the theater. These are bold outlaws whom our college-bred youth are not ashamed to admire. They were heroes of the open plain who were supposed to take from the rich to give to the poor, and though they died on the scaffold, they are looked upon as chivalrous robbers.

IT is supposed that all rags brought to this country pass through a disinfecting process, and doubtless they are subject to something that passes under the name. But it is impossible to take adequate precautions. The rag exporters gather up without question every tattered remnant from the vilest slums of Europe; and the swathing garments of death in its most loathsome and malignant form are cast into the course of commerce. Shreds that once wrapped a contagion from which all fled are picked up and deposited in the common receptacle, and a bale of rags becomes a protector and instrument of pestilence incarnate. The danger is ever-present. It survives when disease itself has been wiped out. It is greatest, indeed, after the immediate emergency has passed and officials are less vigilant. Then it may be that contamination creeps in, through imperfect or careless disinfecting processes, where boards of health at seaports are managed loosely for political ends.

THE BREATH OF A GIRL.

AN INDIAN LEGEND ABOUT CALIFORNIA CAVES.

How the Savages Explain the Cause of the Natural Ice Found in the Caverns—Scientists Fail to Give the Cause.

Up in some of the northern parts of the state they have an arrangement by which ice cream and other cooling things are possible, even in midsummer, declares the San Francisco Examiner, and there is no such a thing as an artificial ice plant within 300 miles.

There are holes in the ground—crevices and cracks in the lava beds—where ice forms the year round. No one knows how or why the ice forms there. There is no water to be seen, and if there is anything hotter than a lava bed in July it must be the same place in June.

There are a good many of these natural ice factories in the remote corners of Shasta, Modoc and Siskiyou counties.

The one that is the most patronized is about fifty miles east of Sissou, fifteen miles from Little Hot Spring valley.

Anybody that wants to can go there and study the mystery, notwithstanding the man with the rifle who appears to be standing guard, or his stern, threatening partner who stands with a menacing block of ice in his hand.

These are not the guardians of the mysterious ice caves protecting the frozen fairy queen, who has been imprisoned there by the ogre of the snow. They are simply natives who guided your correspondent to this tavern and who wanted to have "their picture took."

Once upon a time this country was a trembling, bubbling sea—not a sea of water, but of boiling, seething, molten rock. And the waves, as they rose and broke, became solid and fell back as blocks of lava. And when the surface was all cool the liquid fire inside burst through and tore it apart, and now for twenty miles and more the country is covered with these torn, irregular blocks piled in fantastic shape on every side, and among them are strange gorges and corridors, out of which come vague, uncanny sounds.

The blocks ring like metal when your horse's hoofs strike them. It is a country of unexplained noises. From the bowels of mountains comes the noise of escaping steam. Out of the seemingly bottomless pits and gorges rises the rumble of what may be rivers, but peer into the depths until your head swims and you cannot see the water.

The ringing ground sounds hollow to your steps. It is hot walking over the lava beds, for, of course, you cannot traverse much of it on horseback.

It is rather weird to toil over them under the blazing sun until you are almost ready to drop from heat and exhaustion, and then step down into a break and find yourself standing on ice, no man knows how thick. It is cool in the caverns—cool, though the sun that has caused you so much trouble and fatigue outside shines right in upon the glass floor.

There is a lava cliff thirty feet high, and at the base of it is an opening right into the rock. It is arched, and generally bears a resemblance to a prospector's tunnel. The floor of the tunnel inside the cliff is hardly four feet below the level of the entrance. You have to be careful how you step down. Your correspondent was not, and his feet flew from under him. The floor was of perfectly smooth ice, and the sun beating in at the open arch seemed to make absolutely no impression on it.

The cave is probably sixty feet long and one-third as wide. The roof is ten feet above the floor, which is all of clear ice.

The mystery of its formation is what first strikes a visitor to the ice cave. There is no water there. The ice is dry and clear. You can strike a match anywhere on the walls. There is a cool draught that comes from you can't say where. It is refreshing after the heat outside, but by no means chilling. Maybe the moisture—for, of course, the deposit must be water before it is ice—comes out of the atmosphere.

The science sharps tell us that rain is precipitated by the sudden contact of a warm and cold current of air. So possibly the meeting of that draught from somewhere in the cellars of this earth with the sun-heated air that comes in through the mouth of the cave wrings the moisture from the atmosphere and it freezes on the floor. But there is another problem even if this is an explanation of part of the phenomena. Why does it freeze?

This temperature in the cave was little cooler than it was in the shade anywhere about.

We remained in the cave for over an hour and were not chilled.

At last we left the cave. The man with the gun and the man with the block of ice took up their positions, and another picture was "took." There are several caves in the vicinity and all have the same features—the floor of ice and the apparent absence of reason for it.

Of course the Indians have a story by way of explanation of the mystery, though the skeptic white man may not believe it.

Under the ice there is a chief's daughter, who, when the big pines were little shoots, was the most beautiful, fleetest and finest generally in the world. She had lovers—oh, any quantity of them; but she was as cold as the snow on Shasta's summit and she would listen to none of them.

One afternoon they killed themselves in various picturesque Indian fashions, but the deaths of the first ones made her no kinder to their successors. Indeed, she grew colder and colder, and one night when she went to sleep in a cavern her breath froze around her, and she could not rise. Her breath went on freezing until the ice was thick above her. She has not died, because she is not that kind, but she is there yet, and her breath goes on freezing, and that is how the holes cut by the ice hunters fill up again.

This is a good explanation, for if it should be that the Indian princess snores the mysterious noises might also be accounted for.

CAN'T ALL THINK ALIKE.

The Orator of the Corners Who Successfully Sat on the Fence.

I was the other day told a story about a member of the present congress, whom I will call James Smith, by one of his colleagues, whom also I cannot identify, says a writer in the Pittsburg Dispatch. They are from one of the border states, and live near the line. "Enlistments," says the member, "were secretly going on in our neighborhood for both armies. Jim was an orator rather than a soldier. He never tired of addressing public meetings. But he was excitable, and apt to be with the crowd at the moment. One day he yelled for the old flag and the undivided union, and the next day he helped hang John Brown and Abe Lincoln in effigy. One morning when Jim was in town he was called on to harangue a hundred or two men who were assembled in front of the corner grocery listening to the latest news. He climbed into a wagon, threw off his coat and sailed in. 'I have but one message for you,' he shouted. 'Go to the front. Many of your neighbors are in the line of battle and are calling unto you. Why stand ye here idle? Freedom, which shrieked when Kizlosko fell, is in peril as never before. Fly to her rescue. Men may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. Freedom's battle, once begun, bequeathed from bleeding sire to son, though baffled oft is ever won. Rally and organize a company right here—this day, this hour.' 'Well, stranger,' broke in the only man present who didn't know him, 'which army shall we join—nawth or south?' 'Either, either!' shouted Jim. 'Can't all think alike.' It made some fun at the time," said Mr. M. C., who was in the confederate army afterward, "but I'll be hanged if I wasn't talking to Jim about it the other day, and he insists that he was just right."

A Queer Steed.

Mr. Dennett, of Cape Elizabeth, Maine, who supplies cottages with milk, eggs and garden truck, has a rig that attracts a good deal of attention. It consists of a two-year-old bull with a ring in his nose, bearing a crooked yoke on his neck, harnessed to a flat-bottomed cart which will float in the water. The animal is driven by Mr. Dennett like a horse. Reins of rope are attached to the ring in the bull's nose; they pass up over the horns through rings attached to them. With this queer team Mr. Dennett makes the trip to the beach two or three times a week in summer, fording the Sperwink river at high tide. The bull swims the river like a dog and the cart will float like a boat and will sustain the weight of Mr. Dennett and his load of produce safely. When Mr. Dennett and his unique team are seen approaching, the cottagers throng the banks of the river to see him make the passage.

The Weight of the Earth.

In 1774 Maskelyne, the astronomer royal of England, first calculated the weight of the earth. The weight, as estimated in an encyclopedia, is 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

FEMININITIES.

Really beautiful turquoise are very rare.

Women generally commit suicide by drowning, men by shooting.

A woman at Yuma, Ariz., is said to be the mother of 25 children.

A teaspoonful of salt in a kerosene lamp is said to make it burn better.

The woman who paints her face forgets that the world is full of people who have good eyesight.

Diamonds are now worn sewn all over a velvet or silk ribbon, which is tied loosely around the neck.

In France pearls and rubies are, at the present time, far more fashionable than any other precious stone.

It makes no difference how pretty a girl is, or how sweet her voice, if she wears glasses, all the young men are afraid of her.

At a number of recent weddings the bridesmaids' bouquets have been horseshoes, with the nails worked out in contrasting blossoms.

Three young ladies stopping at a village inn in Switzerland, filled in the column in the visitors' book headed "Occupation" with the words "Looking for a husband."

An English lady who has lived in California is enthusiastically advocating in London the employment of Chinamen as a panacea for the afflictions resulting from servantgalism.

"You have spurned me!" he cried bitterly. "I will go into the busy world! I will fight and win! My name shall be known and my riches envied—" "Then," she interrupted, "try me again."

We have heard of a dog with a jeweled collar and fancy trappings of a most exaggerated description, but a few days ago a young lady was leading about a dachshund on one of whose hind legs was a bangle of hammered silver.

"Nonsense," remarked Synnek, "it isn't love that makes people marry. It's flattery, rank flattery. The man is pleased because the woman took a fancy to so inferior a being as he knows himself to be, and the woman's vanity is tickled for a precisely similar reason."

ROMANCE OF GEORGIA.

MARY AND JIM ELOPE FROM THE BLACKBERRY PATCH.

Her Mother Never Forgave—The License Procured From the Sale of the Pickings of the Woman—A Life Episode.

"How many berries yo' got, Mary?"

Mary started guiltily and a faint pink color came into her sallow cheeks as, glancing up, she beheld her questioner.

"'Most enough, anyhow. This here baskit is 'bout all I kin tote by myself."

"Is you goin' to town by yo'self in the mornin'?"

"Una hum!"

Mary continued to pick the ripe fruit, and ere the sun was very low her basket was full and she started to walk home the short half mile through the wood. Picking a few green leaves from the bushes she covered the fruit with them, and, lifting the basket on her head, started homeward. Jim Davis scrambled through the bushes and followed, breaking down the thorns with a hickory switch, so that none of them might come in too close contact with his bare feet.

Jim was a no'er-do-well and shiftless character of the neighborhood; a "triflin', no 'count, good-fur-nuthin' varmint," Mrs. Calley called him, and she was not far wrong; but, just the same, Jim had decided there was to be a wedding in the hollow; that he and Mary were to be the star actors in the play, and no disapproval of Mary's mother could alter his purpose.

When they reached the sandy public road they walked leisurely along together. Mary taking the string from about her hips and letting her gown fall to its usual length. When they reached the rickety little foot bridge across the creek, Mary rested her basket on the rail and observed:

"Reckon you better not let maw see yo'."

"I ain't skeered."

Mary laughed. "You will be, though, if she takes arter ye."

Jim didn't seem to relish this allusion; he rubbed one bare foot against the shin of the other and tucked his hands snugly into his trousers' pockets.

"I ain't skeered o' yer maw, an' we're a gwine to git married just the same without her say so.

"G'long, Jim Davis!"

"Ye heered me, Mary."

Mary heard him to such a purpose that before they parted a well-formulated plan of elopement was made between them.

If Mrs. Calley could have looked into her daughter's room beneath the shed of the little lean-to that night she would have been somewhat surprised at the preparations her daughter was making.

After ascertaining that the family were fast asleep, Mary took from behind a curtain a vivid pink calico frock, short in the waist and scant in the skirt, a pair of worn, coarse shoes, tucked into the tops of which were a pair of gaily striped stockings, and lastly, a white sun-bonnet, starched very stiff and crimped carefully around the cape and crown by the owner's own thumb and finger.

All these articles she tied into a neat bundle, and creeping stealthily from the house thrust them into a prearranged spot in the hedge.

As ill luck would have it, Mrs. Calley awoke and missed the girl, who in a moment came creeping back, quaking inwardly at every fluttering leaf and shadow. Mary's heart gave one great jump, then seemed to stand still as her mother's voice reached her from between the shutters.

"Mary, yo' no 'count creeter, what you doin' a gallivantin' in the lot, and hit night, too?"

"I heared the hogs maw, and thought it mought be Smalley's houn's arter 'em agin."

"Hogs! umph. I'm good mind to slap yo' jaws."

The bundle had not reposed long in the hedge before a shadowy figure emerged from the thicket and taking it from among the leaves slouched off. The figure looked suspiciously like that of Jim Davis, and he seemed to feel a prodigious amount of satisfaction in securing the article. There was no suspicion of holiday attire about Mary Calley, as before sunrise the next morning she set out to market her berries, but a mile or two down the road behind a thicket of dense sparkle bush the transformation took place. Jim Davis appeared a piece farther down the road, and the two journeyed along together quite happily.

Mary was of as thrifty a nature as Jim was shiftless, and with much pains she marketed her berries and turned the proceeds into the common exchequer, which was soon emptied for the mysterious piece of paper called a license and with a few words they were made one. "Quicker n'er a hound pup could lick a skillet," as the happy groom expressed it. When the mischief was done Mary was afraid to face her mother until peace was restored, for "maw was terrible in her tantrums and wouldn't stop till she had whopped both son and daughter." Jim also had more consideration for his personal safety and dignity than to face the wronged woman, so an obliging neighbor was entrusted with the delicate mission.

Mrs. Calley was indeed "turrible" and refused to see either of them again. "I don't want to lay eyes on 'em, specially that no 'count, shiftless houn', Davis," she said, and she kept her word, says the Philadelphia Times, for a year afterward, on her way to town a friend asking after the welfare of the young people, was promptly informed, "Mary's done gone and married that triflin' Jim Davis, and now let her g'long."

HARD TO COUNTERFEIT.

The Paper Money of Europe—Why It Bothers the Counterfeiters.

"The paper money of the United States is the least handsome in the world," said the proprietor of a money exchange to a Washington Star man. "That is because this government depends entirely upon the intricacy and elaborateness of the designs on its notes and certificates for protection against counterfeiters. In foreign countries, on the other hand, much effort is directed to making their currency beautiful with pictures and arabesques in the classical style. Not only are the results pretty to look at, but they serve their chief purpose better, for any engraver will tell you that real art work on a bill is far more difficult to imitate than any purely mechanical effect, no matter how complicated the latter may be made by the geometric lathe and other devices.

"Most beautiful of all paper notes are those issued in France and Prussia. Here is a pretty Austrian bill for 100 florins, printed in blue ink, with the design mainly composed of two large standing figures of cherubic children and an oval of children's heads. That seems a queer notion from our point of view for the ornamentation of currency, but it is certainly both interesting and handsome. This is a Russian bill for 100 rubles, done in pink and green. Here you have a Scotch note, issued by the 'British Linen Company,' which promises to pay £5 on demand. In Great Britain the privilege of issuing paper money can be obtained by corporations other than banks from the government.

"You will need a magnifying glass to examine this note with. It is Irish. The words 'one pound' are printed across it in big letters, but this broad stripe extending from one end to the other of the document is a curiosity. To the naked eye, even upon scrutiny, it seems to have no significance, but when magnified you will perceive that it is wholly made up of the words 'one pound' in microscopic letters. From the superficial appearance of the Bank of England notes you would suppose that they could be readily imitated by photography or otherwise, inasmuch as their designs consist of very little more than lettering in black that is almost severely simple. But that great financial institution depends altogether upon the water marking of its paper, which is wonderfully elaborate, as you can see by looking at the light through it. This water marking has been imitated, but never with success."

The Indian Cucumber.

The Indian cucumber is a sort of lily, which grows in great abundance in almost every part of the country, and is said to be an excellent remedy for the dropsy. The best part of the cucumber is the root, which grows to the size of two inches in length and one inch in thickness, and was formerly eaten raw by the Indians just as we eat cucumbers. Its medicinal virtues were discovered by an old woman in Pennsylvania, and afterward admitted by the doctors, which is not the only case of the efficacy of an old woman's remedy being acknowledged by the medical profession.

Boxwood Forests.

The best boxwood comes from the Caucasus, hitherto Turkish territory, but taken by Russia. Since 1872 some of the forests have been closed and others denuded of the tree. At that time (1872) in Persia a wood was discovered similar to the Turkish or Albanian boxwood, and as much as 8,000 tons have, in some years, been imported from that country.

Had Taken It.

Railway King—What do you think I need, doctor, to set me up again?

Doctor—Well, I think a little iron will help you.

Railway King—Good. I gobbled up a whole railroad system last week.—Truth.

Both Could Judge of It.

Barber—This is the best shaving soap I've ever used.

Customer—Well, it doesn't taste any better than that you had last week.

TRICKS AND TRIFLES.

Jack, bashfully—If I asked you for a kiss would you be angry? Anna, naively—Yes, if you asked me for it.

"I don't think I'll ever marry," said the summer girl. "Why?" "Because then I'd have to quit becoming engaged."

She—Do you love me for myself alone? He—Yes, and when we're married I don't want any of the family thrown in.

Van Arndt—She told me it was her first year out. Maid Marian—Why, she's been out four seasons. Van A—Ah, well; she counts four seasons to the year, I suppose.

"I wonder why it is," said old Tope to his wife, "that women prefer drowning and men shooting in case of suicide?" "I suppose," she replied, as she thoughtfully contemplated his nose, "that it is because men hate water so."

"I guess you've got all the dust off me there is to get," remarked the man in the drawing room car to the porter who had been brushing his clothes. "I hope not," was the dark gentleman's reply, as he extended his hand for a tip.

Little Golden Locke—Is that letter from papa? Mrs. Locke, sharply—Yes. Little G. L.—Staying at the club again? Mrs. L.—Yes! Little G. L., thoughtfully—Say, mamma, don't you think you had better send him one o' your "At home" cards?

"Maudie," he faltered, after he had made his trembling confession and the dear girl had said yes, "shall—shall—are you going to—to tell anybody about it?" "How can I keep from telling it, Harold," said the maiden. "My lips are not sealed." And Harold attended to the sealing at once.

CROWNS OF ROYALTY.

THOSE WORN BY THE MANY RULERS OF ENGLAND.

Victoria Knew What She Wanted and Insisted on Designing Her Own Official Headdress—The Early Saxon Crowns.

The early Irish and Saxon sovereigns wore a fillet of gold, which was sometimes studded with jewels. The crown of the MacMurrough family, anciently kings of Leinster, in Ireland, which is still preserved in the British Museum, consists of a plain band of gold, rising in front to a sort of peak. It dates, without doubt, back to the tenth century. One of the oldest diadems still preserved is the famous iron crown of Lombardy. Contrary to popular belief the only iron in its composition is a solitary nail, said to have been rescued by the Crusaders from the wood of the true cross. When Napoleon conquered Italy he caused himself to be crowned with this mediæval relic, now more appropriately worn by King Humbert.

Offa, a mighty monarch of the West Saxons, who flourished in the eighth century, is depicted with a string of jewels in lieu of a crown. His successors on the English throne improved upon this primitive chaplet, and gradually the crown began to be roofed over. King Canute's crown, perhaps the very one he wore when bidding the irresponsive breakers to retire from Pevensey sands, is represented in the Cotton MS. It bears a quaint resemblance to a church steeple, and was probably modeled from some such object. When the body of Edward, the Confessor was exhumed during the reign of James II its skull was encircled by a golden fillet, one inch in depth and perfectly plain. King Edgar, as well as Lothaire and the early French kings, affected far more elaborate diadems. Edgar's crown, as given by the Cotton MS., is highly ornamented with scroll-work, and appears to have been square, or at least rectangular in shape.

Queens of this epoch wore golden coronets, lightly fashioned and serrated at the upper edge. The crown of Harold Inflex was decorated with floral arches and abundance of jewelry. Fleurs-de-lis made their appearance on the French diadems with the Capets and were adopted by the English kings when they began their claim to the throne of France.

An effigy of Queen Matilda, consort of Henry I, existing at Rochester Cathedral, shows that pious Scotch woman with a crown quite as large as that of her spouse. Its ornaments have been defaced by time, but it would seem to have been a simple design. Richard Cœur de Lion wore a diadem adorned with trefoils, between which spread a fanciful pattern of honeysuckles. The effigy of his queen, Berengaria, at the abbey of l'Espan, gives an accurate idea of the diadem then allotted to royal females. Handsomely shaped, its trefoils are surrounded by oak leaves and delicate tracery. A thick roll of gold runs around the base, and by comparing it with the face of the effigy its depth must have been about three inches.

The crowns of Henry III and Edward I were comparatively plain, but were heightened by trefoils and crosses. Edward II, with his characteristic striving after splendor, chose a more magnificent design. It represented four large and four small oak leaves rising in graceful curves from the jeweled circlet and having eight small flowers between each leaf. This handsome emblem was inherited and worn by Edward III and Richard II. The first of the house of Lancaster, Henry IV, caused a new crown to be made, larger than its predecessor and bearing eight large oak leaves and eight fleur-de-lis. The costly ornament was broken up and given to his barons by Henry V as security for his expedition to France. Its particles were subsequently redeemed by Henry VII.

Queen Victoria's choice of a crown created quite a sensation among court officials. She informed Lord Melbourne that she would prefer a diadem entirely covered and round at the top, so as to display the crown jewels to greater advantage. Her majesty's Elizabethan obstinacy was unknown at this period of her reign and the garter-king-at-arms ventured to state that such a crown would militate against all rule and custom, and would in fact be out of the question.

At this rejoinder her majesty's eyes flashed fire and she exclaimed. "This gentleman may be king-at-arms, but I am Queen of England and intend to wear any kind of crown I please." Lord Melbourne remarked, "*La reine le veult*," and wisely gave up the unequal contest. The queen's crown was exactly as she had stated, and, although of extreme splendor, could not be called beautiful. Hundreds of jewels blazed around its surface, the most prominent the "Kohinoor."

First Taste of Shad.

Abner Stone had lived "inland" all his days, and knew all there was to be known about pork and beef as articles of food. His acquaintance with the products of the sea on the other hand, was very slight. Once, however, when at the seashore, he was introduced to shad, and asked how he liked it. "Well," said the old farmer, with a brave attempt at a smile, "I calc'late I shell, when I get kinder wonted to it, mebbe; but it does seem, jest at fust, ye know, consid'able like tryin' t' eat a paper o' buttered pins!"—Argonaut.

Not Sure About It.

"What was the text, my son?"

"I forgot, pa, but it was from the second chapter of St. Paul."

"St. Paul, eh?"

"Well, I don't know. It might have been Minneapolis."—Puck.